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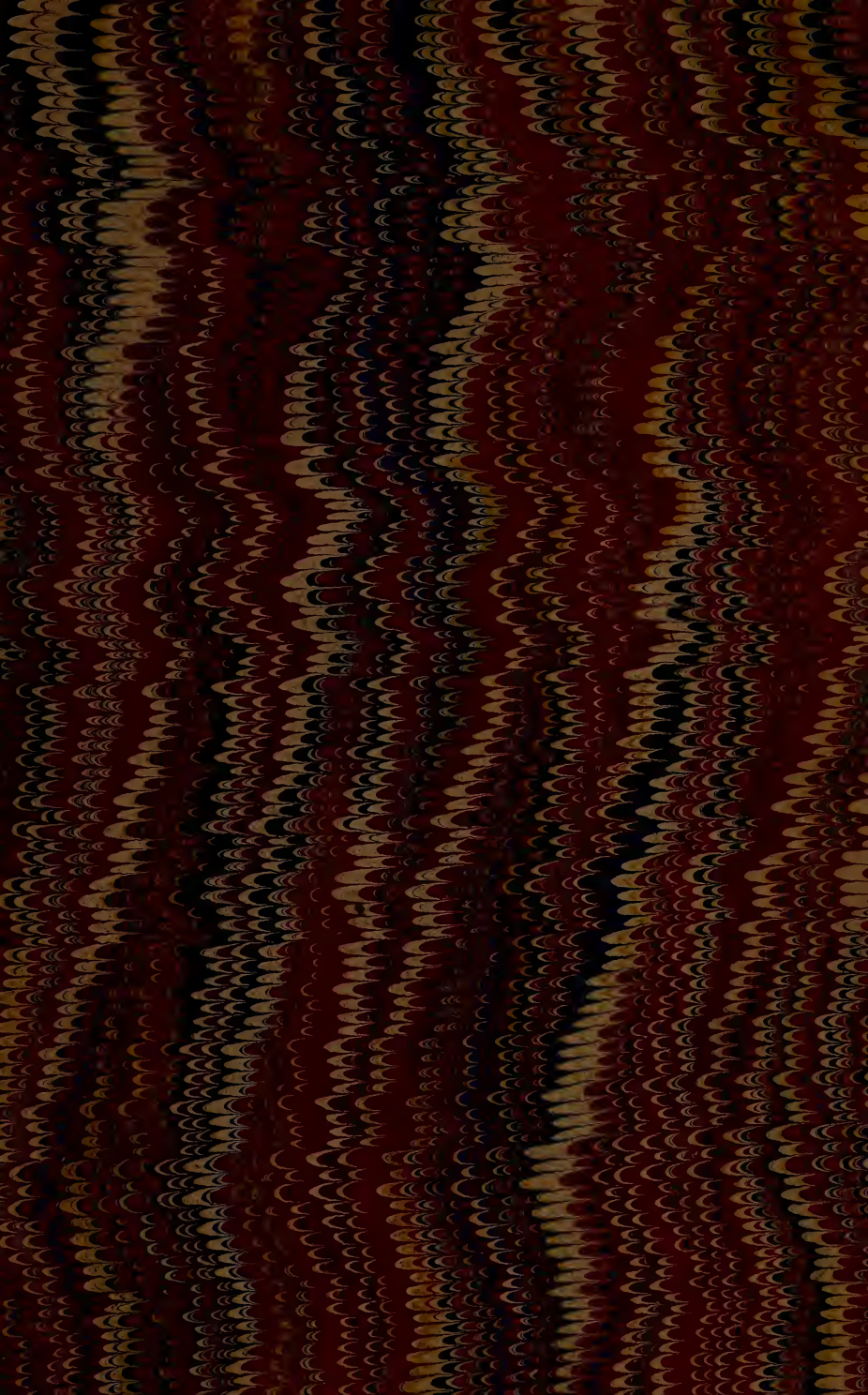
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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



England's Bards,

1864;

OR,

THE THREE POEMS

WHICH WERE AWARDED THE

ONE HUNDRED GUINEAS

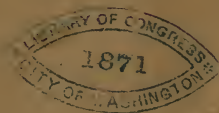
OFFERED AS PRIZES IN THE ADVERTISEMENT

“HO! FOR A SHAKESPEARE!”

WHICH APPEARED ABOUT THE TIME OF

Shakespeare's Centenary Anniversary.

GRATIS.



LONDON:

DAY AND SON, LITHOGRAPHERS TO THE
AND TO H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF
GATE STREET, LINCOLN'S INN

1864

PRIZES
E5

PREFACE.

"I have a sonnet that will serve the turn."—SHAKESPEARE.

THE old proverb, that "Good wine needs no bush," is not more true than that good poetry needs no introduction. The circumstances, however, under which the following Poems were called into existence are so peculiar that a few prefatory words of explanation are due, no less in justice to the writers than in courtesy to the readers.

When all were seeking the most appropriate means of showing their appreciation of England's greatest poet, and of paying a fitting tribute to his memory, we believed they would most honour him who the nearest approached the excellence of his immortal song. But while the *Muses* were highly delighted with our efforts on behalf of the "flowers of society," they had not yet bidden us to tune their lyre; and to meet the exigencies of the case we cried, "Ho! for a Shakespeare!" and offered *One Hundred Guineas* in Prizes for the three best compositions—half for the writers, and half to a Shakespeare Memorial Fund.

This experiment, notwithstanding the limited notice given, has proved a decided success; in fact, out of the hundreds of compositions submitted, so many were praiseworthy that we regret our space precludes the possibility of giving publicity to more than the three poems awarded prizes: still we cannot omit this opportunity of expressing our thanks to all who submitted their poems for competition.

We have great pleasure, therefore, in now presenting to the public the results of our enterprise. Herein will be found a group of sonnets worthy a place among our national poetry of the affections. These we dedicate to our fair patrons "for remembrance;" while, to beguile a few spare minutes, the reader will find two humorous contributions from able pens, that cannot fail to afford them a little amusement in the boudoir. To select these from the immense number of manuscripts received has been no easy task for the adjudicators, the publication of whose names will be a sufficient guarantee of the manner in which it has been performed. These gentlemen were B. Webster, Esq., J. Sterling Coyne, Esq., Andrew Halliday, Esq., George Rose, Esq., and Thos. Sturt Stuerle, Esq.

With these few words by way of Introduction, we leave the actions of "the Shakespeares of 1864" to the mercy of hundreds of fair critics, whose humble servants we have the pleasure to subscribe ourselves,

THE MANUFACTURERS OF THOMSON'S CRINOLINES.

SONNETS,

TO WHICH THE FIRST PRIZE OF FIFTY GUINEAS
WAS AWARDED.

COMPOSED BY

WILLIAM FULFORD,

AUTHOR OF "SAUL AND OTHER POEMS," AND "SONGS OF LIFE."

SWEET summer-day, whereon my love was born,
What know we in the world more fair than thee?
The voice of singing birds doth greet thy morn;
The leaves are full on every shadowing tree.
Thine is the rose, and thine the lily white;
The air is rich with fragrance thy lips breathe:
Thine is the long and slowly-dying light;
Thine the cloud-garlands which the sunsets wreath.
Sweet summer-day, whose beauty peerless seems,
Yet one thing fairer than thyself I know —
My love's sweet face, whose softened splendour beams
With radiance richer than thy suns can show.
A lily she more graceful, sweet and fair,
Than e'er breathed odour on thy balmy air.

II.

O sweet dark eyes, whose dark is Love's own light,
Pure stars that beam with soft and tender fire,
When will ye rise and shine upon my night,
And bring me back mine own eyes' lost desire?
Rich hair the sunlight touches into gold,
From whose bright change fresh splendours ever dart,
That I might smooth you, nor be deemed too bold,
Tangling in your soft meshes hand and heart!
And O red lips! whose bloom I long to kiss,
Ripe, swelling to the full and perfect rose,
Breathe low and say when mine will know the bliss
To drink the balm that from your flower o'erflows.
Dark starry eyes, rose-lips and golden hair,
Why are ye lost, so sweet, so sovereign fair?

III.

Say, canst thou love me, canst thou be my own?
 Or is thy beauty too divine, too pure,
 For worship and for reverent awe alone,
 Which may not too familiar touch endure?
 Can Love dishonour that which he would hold,
 And clasp to his own warm and beating heart?
 Would his embraces be too ardent-bold,
 And must he but adore and kneel apart?
 My own love tells me he is nothing bold,
 But sanctifies whatever he may touch:
 For, while thy warm heart to mine own I fold,
 Howe'er I love, I worship thee as much.
 When most I know thee of our own dear earth,
 Then most I feel thy beauty's heavenly birth.

IV.

O call not beauty a fast-fading flower;
 Or call it such, and prize it but the more:
 If Heaven will lend but for one fleeting hour
 Its precious gifts, the more should men adore.
 Nor think it only for the eyes' delight,
 An outside charm unmeet to touch the soul:
 Its very core with inward fire is bright,
 And purest splendour glorifies the whole.
 Worship it, therefore, as the very seal
 By which Heaven marks and claims the earth its own:
 Frail though it be, though time its freshness steal,
 'Tis yet a flower in heavenly pastures grown.
 Brief, ay, foredoomed ere summer pass to fail;
 Yet dear as brief, and priceless e'en as frail.

V.

If I could fear that time or circumstance
 Could sunder our two hearts, I durst not love:
 I durst not set my all, my life, on chance:
 But now no doubts my steadfast trust can move.
 I will not call thee faithful: for thy soul
 Is very faith's itself, and constancy
 Inhabits so thy nature pure and whole,
 That, tempt what may, thou canst not faithless be.
 Therefore it is I give my very heart,
 Nor fear to stake my all, nor aught keep back:
 For though, a spendthrift, I yield every part,
 I fear no dearth; I know I cannot lack.
 Love being all I need, how can I pine
 When Faith's own self seals Love for ever mine?

VI.

What softest words can paint thy softer cheek?
What sweetest rhymes the sweetness of thy smile?
Truly to speak of thee all words are weak,
All golden thought, all wealth of fancy vile.
Thine eyes are tender depths of love and light;
There all fair thoughts, all gentle passions lie:
Thy smile is sunshine, rather soft than bright;
Thy cheeks like smooth, rose-misted ivory.
So fair thou art, so gentle, Nature's flower;
Sweet lily, graceful, delicately pure;
If any verse were fit to be thy bower,
How shouldst thou grow in mine, and there endure!
But ah! verse never yet praised beauty right;
How then thy beauty, which is infinite?

VII.

Queen of my heart, ascend thy throne, and there
Reign without rival, reign until I die:
No face or form, however sweet and fair,
One glance allure from mine all-constant eye.
Let other eyes from fair to fairer roam,
And cull its beauty from each springing flower;
Mine in one sovereign face have found their home;
Dwell there, nor care to move from hour to hour.
Yet lack I not for change, though my true look
Be fixed unchanging on the self-same view:
For in thy beauty, like some glorious book,
Reading each day, each day but shows it new.
Queen art thou, one and sole; yet on thy state
Millions of subjects, thine own beauties, wait.

VIII.

List, my sweet love, it is the violet-time:
The air is softening 'neath a bluer sky;
Fresh is the green upon the budding lime,
Whose tender leaflets tell the spring is nigh.
The earth awakens, clad with beauty new,
To soul and senses offering fresh delights:
In our young hearts let Love awaken too,
Stretch his bright wings, and soar to fairer heights.
O now to wander, loving hand in hand,
In gardens rich with grass and tree and flower!
O now, heart beating time to heart, to stand
And drink the sweetness of the sunset-hour!
See, my dear love, it is the violet-time;
The fresh year's spring, our life's sweet youthful prime.

IX.

When, far away from thee, I think how sweet
 It were to sit and link thy hand in mine,
 While the swift minutes, gliding by, should fleet
 Unnoticed, as my heart beat time to thine ;
 I sigh to think how many days pass on
 All unenjoyed, and all unshared by love :
 Night follows night, another day is gone,
 And Time's care-laden wings too lightly move.
 O how much life is lost to love and joy !
 Our years shrink down to weeks, our weeks to hours ;
 Our gold of life is charged with life's alloy ;
 Our Eden breeds more choking weeds than flowers.
 O to give all my life, my love, to thee,
 And make it thus a thousand lives to me !

X.

The tender truthfulness of thy dark eyes
 Haunts me, and must for ever haunt my brain :
 In my deep heart what wild remembrance lies,
 What wild desire, until we meet again !
 Until we meet ! When shall we meet once more ?
 Is it a year, or one long lingering day ?
 Within a day to me there seems a store
 Of longing years that will not pass away.
 How few the hours when lovers meet and live !
 A short spring morn ere winter yet be past :
 A fond vain hope of summer it doth give ;
 But, brief as bright, the sunshine will not last.
 O might thy dark eyes on me ever beam,
 That I might live entranced as in a dream !

XI.

Oh who would bear a heart at all unmoved
 By Love, who is of life the very lord ?
 Who would forego the bliss to be beloved,
 Although Love's pangs are sharper than a sword ?
 Yea, in the pain there is so much of balm,
 I would not change it for delight less fine :
 The rich delirium robs the soul of calm
 To thrill it with a rapture too divine.
 Let whoso will draw unimpassioned breath ;
 O'er me let Love all unresisted reign :
 Yea, though his high, imperial will be death,
 Still let me die, in sweet, delicious pain.
 For joy or woe, all mine to him I give,
 In heart and soul his own, to die or live.

XII.

To look on wonders with familiar eyes
Makes us behold them as familiar things :
'Tis distance paints enchanted mysteries,
And half its loveliness on beauty flings.
But one great wonder, seen how oft soe'er,
Grows not less glorious, still wins awe as deep :
One beauty is eternally as fair,
And its first freshness all unchanged doth keep.
Before the wonder of thy beauty still
My soul bows down, with homage all as true,
As when its splendour first mine eyes did fill,
And blinded them with admiration new.
Transcendent beauty, find I, grows not old,
And Time can but its endless change unfold.

HEROINES AND CRINOLINES:

A DREAM

ON THE 300TH ANNIVERSARY OF SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTHDAY.

BY

PETER QUINCE, CARPENTER.

(Awarded the Second Prize of Thirty Guineas.)

"I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream: it shall be called Bottom's Dream, because it hath no bottom."

Midsummer Night's Dream. Act IV. Scene 1.

LAPPED in soft sleep, methought a golden haze
Spread round me, brightening to my steadfast gaze,
And opening, till beyond its glowing verge
My raptured sight its onward way did urge,
To where upon an emerald lawn, bespread
With asphodel and lilies, ever fed
With softest dews celestial, sat reclined
The women whose fair forms our Shakespeare's mind
Created, never more to die.

It seemed
They held a council. Every full eye beamed
With deep light lustrous. There the love-lit face
Of JULIET glowed, as when she urged apace
Apollo's "fiery-footed steeds" to fly
And let her ROMEO seek her arms; and nigh
"Pretty OPHELIA" tossed her tangled hair,
And cast a timid glance around, to where
MACBETH's stern Queen stood cold and calm as Fate,
And black-browed CLEOPATRA sat in state

Demanding homage with imperious eyes.
 "Transparent HELENA" by HERMIA lies;
 And near them, each with one white arm entwined,
 Fair CELIA stands with "slender ROSALIND;"
 And roguish JESSICA's quick Hebrew eyes
 Gleam like her father's jewels, as she pries
 Into the calm and self-reliant face
 Of peerless PORTIA; and with modest grace
 To chaste OLIVIA, VIOLA makes suit,
 As when a page (to her own passion mute)
 She wooed for her own lover: By her side
 Sarcastic BEATRICE, new made a bride,
 And wilful KATHARINA, husband-broke,
 Whisper with bright BIANCA of love's yoke
 Easy to bear, once tried; and next, all wild
 In her fresh beauty, Nature's untaught child,
 "Admired MIRANDA" glows; and that sweet Greek,
 The fickle CRESSID, gazing with flushed cheek
 On that "most exquisite lady" of the time,
 Pure DESDEMONA.

But in vain my rhyme
 Attempts to number all of chaste and fair
 That grouped around—for as bright gems most rare,
 Rank upon rank in some rich diadem set,
 Dazzle the eye with so much radiance met,
 So for a while these varied beauties seemed
 To blind my weakened sight: Yet, as I dreamed,
 I saw that in the midst of this gay crowd
 Fluttered a rosy Cupid, who aloud
 Proclaimed the subject of debate, the whole
 Inscribed at length upon a blazoned scroll,
 And phrased thus—"WHAT MEANS OF ART OR DRESS
 "CONDUCTETH MOST TO WOMAN'S LOVELINESS?"

Whereat at once a sweet-voiced Babel sprung
 To sudden height, and all the upland rung
 With eager argument; some that, some this,
 Urging continuous—yet well I wis
 Not one agreed with other. But at last,
 Willing debate should end before it passed

To discord or division, swift as light
 Vanished sly Cupid, and anon to sight
 Returned, upholding in his glowing hand
 A wondrous garment by Hephæstus planned
 For queenly Aphrodite. Wide its form
 Spread like the bow that spans the cloud-racked storm,
 But with each varied motion, swift or slow,
 Softly it swayed with undulating flow,
 Each part harmonious—an embodied grace
 All irresistible !

Then for a space,
 As if some strong enchanter's mighty spell
 Had worked with sudden power, deep silence fell
 On all the scene, so much the sight amazed
 The assembled fair ones.

Mute they sat and gazed ;
 But soon recovering tongue, they eager rise,
 And with one voice, " Render," they shout, " the prize
 " To that fair garment—fair beyond all praise !
 " The Earth's unanimous voice its fame shall raise
 " As beauty's goodliest frame and utmost foil !
 " O, never Time shall rust, nor Fashion spoil,
 " Its bounteous symmetry, but it shall rest
 " Henceforth sole monarch of the female breast,
 " Unchallenged by a rival to molest
 " Its glorious reign—while even Beauty's Queen
 " Her cestus yields for THOMSON'S CRINOLINE."

* * * *

The vision fled : The bright cloud fading broke :
 And in the early April dawn I woke.

April 23rd, 1864.

THE THIRD PRIZE OF TWENTY GUINEAS WAS AWARDED
TO THE FOLLOWING VERY UNIQUE AND CHARACTER-
ISTIC COMPOSITION OF A TRUE SON OF ERIN'S ISLE.

I.

PALLAS ATHENÉ and VENUS at breakfast with JUNO, in one
of her Apartments.

"PALLAS and Venus," said the Queen of Heaven,

"Now breakfast's over, you will like to smoke ;

"My watch says just a quarter past eleven.

"Come, Ganymede, give Pallas the chibouque,

"And then hand Venus the Cabana-kings—

"And do be quick and take away the things.

"The fact is (put your feet up, Cytherea)

"I've something most important to disclose,

"(Athené, how do you find the Latakia?

"Say, isn't it perfect smoking through your nose?)

"So, pray, my dears, give me your best attention—

"I've really a most serious thing to mention.

"I think I've noticed (but p'raps I'm mistaken)

"That all the males of our Olympian court

"Have lately our society forsaken

"From some inexplicable cause;—in short,

"In all my reign (whate'er may be th' incentive)

"I never found them half so inattentive."

"Why, yes," said Venus ; "it is very odd !

"I too observe that all the gods are stupid ;

"I've not had even as much as half a nod

"From Vulcan for these three days—have I, Cupid ?

"He can't give up to me (though once so jealous)

"A single minute from the foundry-bellows.

"And Mars too, once so amorous and gallant,

"The very pink of courtesy and grace,

("Even you, Athené, who deny his talent,

"Have nought against his manners or his face,)

"Seems lately to have lost *la belle manière*,

"And turned into a most consummate bear.

"But yesterday he pass'd me quite unheeded,

"Although I gave him a most gracious bow ;

"I did not quite forget, though surely he did,

"That he had not been always cold as now."

"I should not think you did," said Pallas, slyly ;

"Nor anybody else," said Juno, drily.

"The Muses, too, have been complaining sadly,"

Said Pallas, with her educated drawl,

"Phœbus, they all aver, has used them badly—

"In fact, he never visits them at all.

"Hébé is right; there must be some good reason

"Why all the gods are so *distracts* this season."

"In fact, each of us finds the gods neglect her—

"*N'est ce pas, mes enfans?*" answer'd Saturn's daughter,

"(Won't you mix seltzer, Pallas, with your nectar?

"Ho, Ganymede! hand round the seltzer-water).

"The *cause* is all we want to find—be sure,

"The *cause* once known, we'll soon contrive a *cure*.

"For my part, if I understand these sphinxes,

"These living riddles called Olympian Gods,

"I think they are in love with mortal minxes;

"(It would not be the only time by odds;)

"Remember Leda, Danaë, and Io,

"And they of half a hundred but a trio.

"I've something, too, that strengthens my conjecture—

"Last night I lay awake by slumb'ring Jove;

("I'd given him a desperate curtain-lecture

"About his negligence and cooling love,)

"Amid his snores he murmur'd 'Batti, Batti,'

"And 'Casta Diva, Adelina Patti.'"

"Ah! that reminds me, *à propos*," said Venus,

"My fat friend Bacchus has forgotten me—

"I couldn't imagine what had come between us,

"Until I heard him say to Mercury,

"'Ah, Hermes! Hermes! would my heart were whole as'

"'Before I saw that charming Stella Colas!'"

"Enough!" said Pallas. "That our gods are flirting

"With mortal women we are all agreed;

"What use in prating more on what is certain?

"The *remedy* is simply what we need;

"And on that point I think I've an idea."

("Oh, *comme vous êtes habile!*" said Cytherea.)

"So I propose that each of us in private

"Take measures to account for their remissness:

"Among us three we surely shall arrive at

"A swift solution of this awkward business.

"Come both of you to lunch with me at one

"To-morrow, and compare what we have done."

"Agreed!" said Juno; "nothing could be better."

"Your plan," said Venus, "is profoundly clever,
Therefore I won't stay longer here to chatter,

"This matter should be seen to now or never."

"And I'll go too," said Pallas: "*au revoir!*"

"Remember, lunch at one in my boudoir."

II.

JUNO and VENUS at luncheon with PALLAS.

"When you were gone I sent at once for Iris,
"My *femme de chambre*," began the Olympian Queen,
("Dear Pallas, how extremely hot the fire is!

"I really must petition for a screen,)

"You know she's quite my confidential maid,

"And so I told her all you both had said.

"Quoth I, 'Go earthward, Iris, and discover

(" 'I leave the method in detail to you,)

" 'By what mode mortal maidens gain a lover,

" 'By what art matrons keep their husbands true.' "

"How odd!" said Venus: "then I'm not so stupid ;

"I said the very same to my page Cupid."

"I too," said Pallas, "sent the housemaid Hebe

"On the same errand (Juno, try the cheese.)"

Quoth Venus, "Why, whatever use could she be?

"She's always inoping after Hercules :

"In fact she's quite — *mais revenons aux moutons* —"

Here entered Iris, Hebe, and the Buttons.*

The two girls curtsey'd, Cupid bow'd demurely,

Then wink'd behind his hand at Juno's maid ;

Then Pallas, "You're back quickly, Iris ; surely

"You've not had time to do all Juno said ?"

"Oh! yes, Your Royal Highness," she replied,

"I think Her Majesty'll be satisfied."

"Commence your tale at once, then," said her mistress.

"Come, sing our Paradise Regained, like Milton ;

"You other two shall follow with your hist'ries.

"(Athené, this is a most splendid Stilton,

"I wish I hadn't eaten any curry,)

"Come, Iris child, begin ; we're in a hurry."

* Cupid.

" Well then, Madame," returned the maid obedient,
 " As I flew earthwards to perform my duty,
 " I ponder'd long where 'twould be most expedient
 " For me to go in search of earthly beauty;
 " Their courts, thought I (for surely Earth's the same
 " As Heav'n) will show me *la crème de la crème*.

" So first I visited a nobler city
 " Than e'er was Carthage, Argos, or Mycenæ,
 " With women twice as fair, and men as witty
 " As ever dwelt in Ilium or Athenæ:
 " Once see the Tuileries in that metropolis,
 " You'll care no more for Pantheon or Acropolis.

" There, in the midst of her attendant ladies,
 " The Empress Eugénie before me came —
 " All Europe from St. Petersburg to Cadiz
 " Can hardly show so beautiful a dame.
 " Thought I, ' our goddesses are fair, but nathless
 " ' I *now* don't wonder that the gods are faithless.'

" And yet, your Majesty, when I had seen her
 " I could not tell where lay her chiefest charm;
 " Was it her sweetly-arrogant demeanour,
 " Her grand imperial eyes, or rounded arm?
 " I could not tell whence came her wondrous grace,
 " From figure, gesture, costume, mien or face.

" And when I scrutinized her well, I found
 " Her nose not so well chisell'd as Aglaia's;
 " The Imperial waist would measure further round,
 " The Imperial hair was coarser than Thalia's:
 " But yet, in spite of every like objection,
 " I found her *tout ensemble* was perfection.

" Long mused I, thinking ' Shall we e'er discover
 " This latent charm, (will no one ever tell us?)
 " ' This grace that makes of every man a lover,
 " ' And (consequently) every woman jealous?'
 " And so I mused and mused, and racked my brain
 " To solve the strange enigma—all in vain.

" Then I departed. I may mention briefly,
 " Although I enter'd many another palace,
 " Of all the *belles*, the two I fancied chiefly
 " Were Alexandra and the Princess Alice;
 " Two sweeter mothers ne'er gave babe caresses
 " Than these two most incomparable Princesses.

" The first the spouse of England's Royal Heir,
 " Brave Denmark's wedded daughter, Alexandra,
 " Fairer than aught besides on earth of fair,
 " Lovelier than Atalanta or Cassandra :
 " Helen was not moreauteous than the other
 " The noble daughter of a noble mother.

" But in them both I found a something more,
 " A certain undefinable attraction,
 " (Exactly as in Eugénie before,)

 " That was not face nor figure, voice nor action :
 " And though I tried and tried, I could not guess
 " The puzzling secret of their gracefulness.

" When, just as I was sure I'd never know it,
 " And thought it useless to examine more,
 " I saw approaching me a certain poet —
 " A modern Shakespeare he of '64.
 " Smiling he came, and said, with modest pity,
 " ' Enquire at Messrs. THOMSON's, in the City.'

" I thank'd him for his very kind suggestion,
 " And straight proceeded to the place he named ;
 " But when I came and 'gan to ask my question,
 " I felt a little shy and half-ashamed,
 " Till some one said, ' We know, Miss, what you mean :
 " Behold the mystery—THOMSON's CRINOLINE ! "

" Oh, what a lame and impotent conclusion ! "

 Says Pallas ; whereon Iris interposes,
 " Excuse me, Madame, it is no delusion ;
 " Wait till you hear what Hebe's tale discloses."

 " Come then," said Pallas, " tell us of your visit ;
 " I trust it's better sense than Iris' — is it ? "

" I went," said Hebe, " to a hundred places,
 " Where all that's fair and all that's clever swarm,
 " Where talent is combined with pretty faces,
 " And genius with loveliness of form :
 " You guess, of course, I bent my journey towards
 " The unrivall'd beauties of the London boards.

" There I saw Piccolomini and Titians,
 " Carlotta Patti and Louisa Pyne,
 (" At Astley's they have stopped the free admissions,
 " And so I couldn't get in till after 9.)
 " I saw too Fanny Josep's and Kate Terry,
 " And best of all, ' the Strand's ' unequall'd Marie.*

* Miss Marie Wilton.

“ And when I asked of each of them in turn
 “ The cause of their unparalleled successes,
 “ ‘ What is it ? ’ said I, ‘ for I wish to learn
 “ ‘ If it be colour, *coiffure*, style or dresses ;’
 “ I got *one* answer from those charming flirts,
 “ And that was — ‘ Put it down to THOMSON’S SKIRTS.’ ”

“ Why, Hebe,” Pallas said, “ you must be silly ! ”
 “ No, not at all,” cried Cupid, in a heat : —
 “ I sauntered leisurely through Piccadilly,
 “ And all the clubs that line St. James’s Street ;
 “ In one I heard two fine old fogies chatter,
 “ Insisting that ‘ the good old times ’ were better.

“ ‘ But still,’ said one, ‘ we must admit the truth,
 “ ‘ The women now-a-days are ten times finer
 “ ‘ Than those we lost our hearts to in our youth —
 “ ‘ Not less substantial, but somehow diviner.’
 “ ‘ Diviner ? yes, of course ! ’ his friend assented,
 “ ‘ In *those* days THOMSON’S SKIRTS were not invented.’ ”

“ Enough ! ” said Juno, “ you have done your duty —
 “ That must be right in which you’re all agreed ;
 “ I’m sure you’ve found the recipe for beauty,
 “ And that, you know, ’s exactly what we need.
 “ Come, Venus, you may give your maid your cestus,
 “ For *Crinoline* in future will invest us.

“ Therefore, good Iris, go at once and bring
 “ Some specimens of this invention curious,
 “ And mind you get the veritable thing,
 “ Beware, my dear, of imitations spurious ;
 “ I’ll not stir out (at least I’ll not be seen)
 “ Until I get a THOMSON’S CRINOLINE ! ”

“ I’m glad,” said Iris, “ that you mean to try them,
 “ Your Highnesses will look indeed *distinguées* ;
 “ I sha’n’t be long away ; for one can buy them
 “ In each best draper’s shop from Cork to Shanghae :
 “ East, West, South, North, from Melbourne to Aleppo,
 “ All are supplied from Messrs. THOMSON’S *dépôt*.

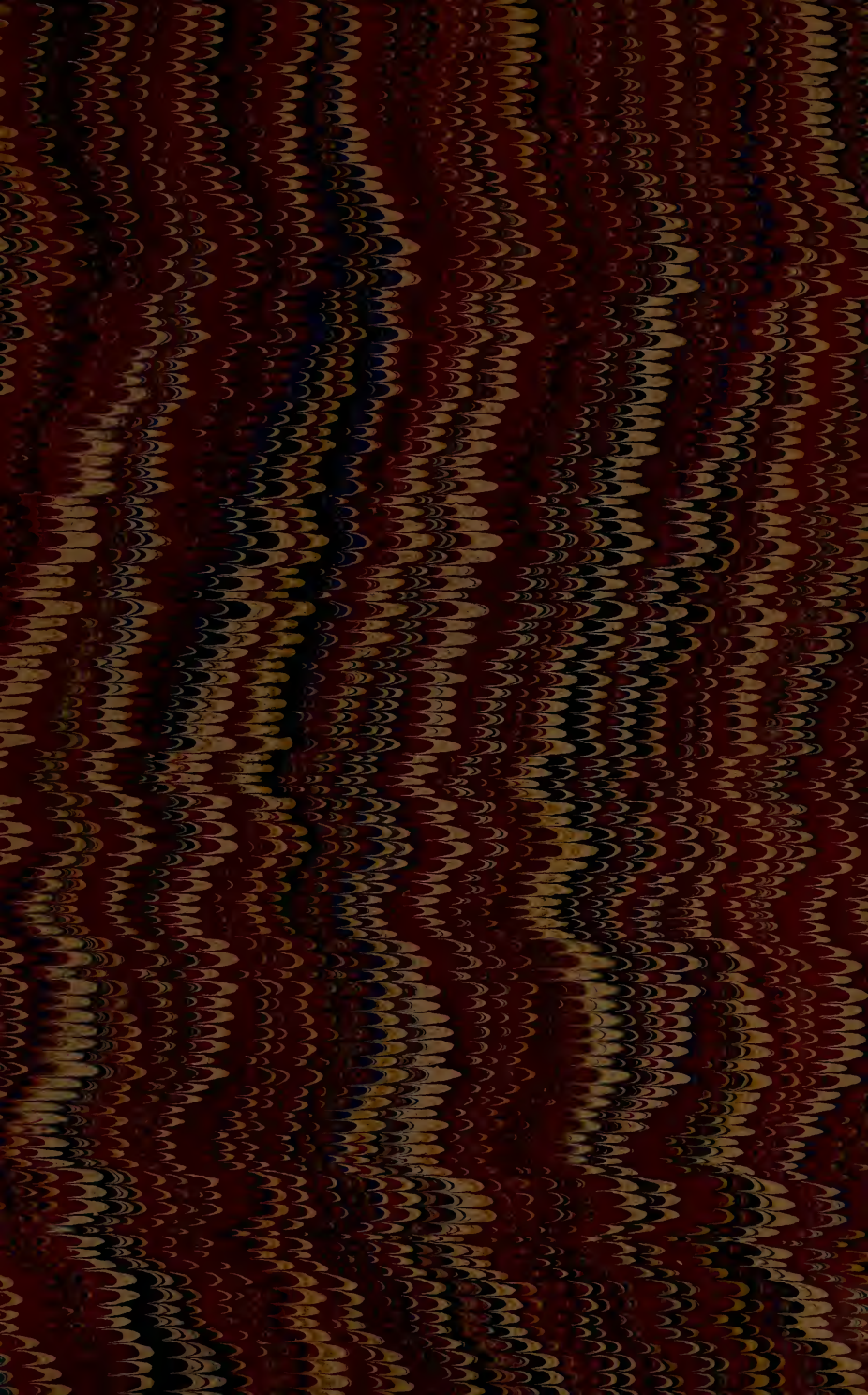
“ But, Madame, ere I go I would commend
 “ To your kind patronage my mortal poet ;
 “ I’m very thankful to my modest friend,
 “ And I should like to find a way to show ‘t.”
 “ Yes,” cried the three, “ ingratitude would shame us ;
 “ We’ll all combine to make your poet famous.”

Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: Jan. 2009

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